ROUGE ET NOIR By O. HENRY

I.

DICKY'S DIGRESSION.

NOBODY knew exactly where Dicky Maloney hailed from or how he reached Puerto Rey. He appeared there one day, and that was all. He afterward said that he came on the fruit steamer Thor, but an inspection of the Thor's passenger list of that date would have found it to be Mayoneyless. Curiosity, however, soon perished, and Dicky took his place among the heterogeneous litter of the coast—the stranded adventurers, refugees and odd fish from other countries that line the shore of the Caribbean.

He was an active, devil-may-care, rollicking fellow with an engaging gray eye, the most irresistible grin, a rather dark, or much sun-burned complexion, and a head of the fieriest red hair ever seen in that country. Speaking the Spanish language as well as he spoke English, and seeming always to have plenty of silver in his pockets, it was not long before he was a welcome companion both with the natives and the resident foreigners. He developed an extreme fondness for vino blancho, could drink more of it than any three men in the port, and to meet Dicky Maloney's brilliant head and smile coming down the street meant, to any of his acquaintances, the consumption of from one to three bottles of strong, white wine. Everybody called him Dicky; everybody cheered up at sight of him—especially the natives, to whom his marvelous ruddy hair and his free and easy style were a constant delight and envy. Anywhere about the port you would soon see Dicky and hear his genial laugh, and find around him a group of admirers, who appreciated both him and the vino blancho he was so ready to buy.

A considerable amount of speculation still existed concerning the object of his stay in Puerto Rey, but one day he silenced this by opening a small shop for the sale of cigars, dulces, and the handiwork of the interior Indians—fiber and silk woven goods, deerskin sapatos, and basketwork of tule reeds. Even then he did not change his habits, for he was drinking and playing cards half the day and night with the comandante, the collector of the port, the Jefe Politico, and other gay dogs among the native officials. The care of the shop he left entirely to Pasa. And now it is both desirable and fitting to make Pasa's acquaintance, for she was Dicky's Digression.

La Madama Timotea Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias kept a rum shop in Calle numero ocho. No disgrace, mind you, for rum-making is a government monopoly, and to keen a government dispensary assures respectability if not supereminence. Moreover, the saddest of precisians could find no fault with the conduct of the shop. Customers drank there in the lowest of spirits and fearsomely, as in the shadow of the dead, for la madama's ancient but vaunted lineage counteracted even the rum's behest to be joyful. For, was she not of the Yglesias who landed with Pizarro? And had her deceased husband not been Comisionado de Caminos y Puentes for the district?

In the next room, seated in the cane rocking chair, dreamily strumming a guitar, could generally be found her daughter Pasa—"La Santita Navanjada" the young men had named her. Navanjada is the Spanish word for a certain shade of color that you must go to more trouble to describe in English. By saying "The little saint, tinted the most beautiful-delicate-slightly-orange-golden" you will approximate the description of Dona Pasa Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias.

Every evening a row of visiting young caballeros would occupy the prim line of chairs set against the wall of this room. They were there to besiege the heart of "La santita." Their method (which is not proof against intelligent competition) consisted of expanding the chest, looking valorous, and silently consuming a gross or two of cigarettes. Even saints, delicately oranged, prefer to be wooed differently. Dona Pasa was accustomed to tide over tthe vast chasms of nicotinized silence with her guitar, and wondered if the romances she had read about gallant and more—more—contiguous cavaliers were all lies. At somewhat regular intervals la madama would glide in from the dispensary with a sort of draught-suggesting look in her eye, and there would follow a great rustling of stiff white duck trousers as one of the caballeros would suggest a visit to the bar.

That Dicky Maloney would, sooner or later, explore this field was a thing to be foreseen. There were few doors in Puerto Rey his red head had not been poked into.

He saw Pasa one afternoon sitting by the door with an unusually saintly look upon her face. Dicky rushed off to find one of the white duck wall-flowers to present him. In an incredibly short time he was seated close beside the cane rocking chair. There were no back-against-the-wall poses with Dicky. At close range, was his theory of subjection. To carry the fortress with one concentrated, ardent, eloquent, irresistible escalade—that was Dick's way.

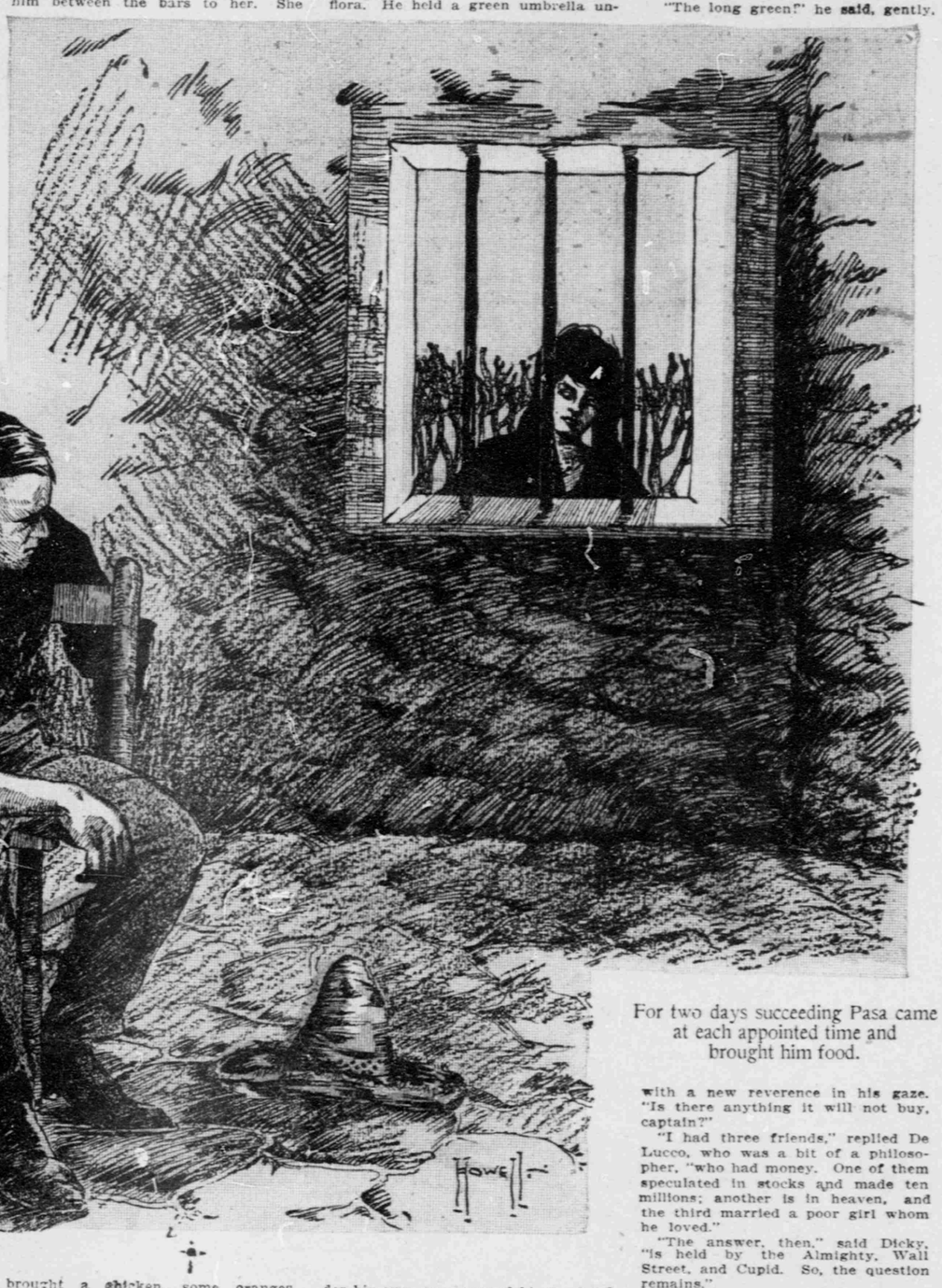
Pasa was descended from the proudest Spanish families in the country. Moreover, she had had unusual advantages. Two years in a New Orleans school had elevated her ambitions and fitted her for a fate above the ordinary maidens of her native land. And yet here she succumbed to the first red-haired scamp with a glib tongue and a charming smile that came along and courted her properly. For, very soon Dicky took her quietly to the little church next to the Teatro Nacional and then to his little shop in the grass-gown street where customers seldom troubled him. And it was her fate to sit, with her patient, saintly eyes and figure like a bisque of Psyche, behind its sequestered counter, while Dicky drank and philandered with his frivolous acquaintances.

The women, with their naturally fine instinct, saw a chance for vivisection, and delicately taunted her with his habits. She turned upon them in a beautiful, steady blaze of sorrowful contempt.

"You meat-cows," she said, in her level, crystal-clear tones; "you know nothing of a man. Your men are maromeros. They are fit only to roll cigarettes in the shade until the sun strikes and shrivels them up. They drone in your hammocks and you comb their hair and feed them with fresh fruit. My man is of no such blood. Let him drink of the wine. When he has taken sufficient of it to drown one of your flaccitos he will come home to me mas hombre than one thousand of your pobrecitos. My hair he smootnes and braids; he sings to me; he himself removes my zapatos, and there, there, upon each instep leaves a kiss. He holds—— Oh, you will never understand! Blind ones who have never known a man."

Sometimes mysterious things happened at night about Dicky's shop. While the front of it was dark, in the little room back of it Dicky and a few of his friends would sit about a table carrying on some kind of very quiet negocios until quite late. Finally he would let them out the front door very carefully, and go upstairs to his little saint. These visitors were generally conspirator-like men with dark clothes and hats. Of course, these dark doings were noticed after a while, and talked about. At the Hotel Internacional, where the English-speaking colony mostly congregated, it was openly stated that this fellow Maloney was a card sharp that made his money by skinning the native talent. This charge, however, was considered quite a tepid one, coming from this source, for most of the foreign population of Puerto Rey were fugitives from some sort of justice—uneasy exiles who watched every incoming steamer with poorly concealed anxiety.

Quite a number of letters arrived, addressed to "Mr. Dicky Maloney," or "Senor Dickee Maloney," to the considerable pride of Pasa. That so many people should desire to write to him only confirmed her own suspicion that the light from his red head shone around the world. As to their contents she never felt curiosity. There was a wife for you!



For two days succeeding Pasa came at each appointed time and brought him food.

The one mistake Dicky made in Puerto Rey was to run out of money at the wrong time. Where his money came from was a puzzle, for the sales of his shop were next to nothing, but that source failed, and at a peculiarly unfortunate time. It was then the comandante, Don Senor el Coronel Encarnacion Casablanca looked upon the little saint in the shop and felt his heart go pitapat.

The comandante, who was versed in all the intricate arts of gallantry, first delicately hinted at his sentiments by donning his dress uniform and strutting up and down fiercely before her window. Pasa, glancing demurely with her saintly eyes, instantly perceived his resemblance to her parrot, Chichi, and was diverted to the extent of a smile. The comandante saw the smile, which was not intended for him. Convinced of an impression made, he entered the shop, confidently, and advanced to open compliment. Pasa froze; he pranced; she flamed royally; he was charmed to injudicious persistence; she commanded him to leave the shop; he tried to capture her hand, and—Dicky entered, broadly smiling, full of white wine and the devil.

Five minutes later he pitched the comandante out the door upon the stones of the street, senseless. That five minutes Dicky had spent in punishing him scientificaly and carefuly, so that the pain might be prolonged as far as possible.

A barefooted policeman who had been watching the affair from across the street, now blew a whistle and a squad of eight soldiers came running from the cuartel just around the corner. When they saw that Dicky was the offender they stopped and blew more whistles, which brought out reenforcements of twelve.

Dicky, being thoroughly imbued with the martial spirit, stooped and drew the comandante's sword which was girded about him, and charged his foe. He chased the standing army four squares, playfully prodding its squealing rear, and hacking its bare, ginger-colored heels. He was not so successful with the civil authorities. Eight muscular, nimble policemen overpowered him, and conveyed him, triumphantly but warily to jail. "El Diablo Colorado," they dubbed him, and derided the military for its defeat.

Dicky, with the rest of his prisoners, could look out the barred door at the grass of a little plaza, a row of orange trees, and the red tile roofs and 'dobe walls of a line of insignificant tiendas. At sunset, along a path across this plaza, came a melancholy procession of sad-faced women bearing plantains, bread, casaba, and fruit—each coming with food to some wretch behind those bars to whom she still clung. Thrice a day, morning, noon, and sunset, they were permitted to come. Water was furnished her guests by the republic, but no food.

Dicky's name was called by the sentry and he stepped before the door. There stood his little saint, a black mantilla draped about her head and shoulders, her face like glorified melancholy, her clear eyes gazing longingly at him as if they might draw him between the bars to her. She brought a chicken, some oranges, dulces, and a loaf of food, and passed it in to Dicky. Pasa spoke calmly, as she always did, and briefly, in her thrilling, flute-like tones. "Angel of my life," she said, "let it not be long that thou art away from me. Thou knowest that life is not a thing to be endured with thou not at my side. Tell me if I can do aught in this matter. If not, I will wait—a little while. I come again in the morning."

Dicky, with his shoes removed so as not to disturb his fellow-prisoners, tramped the floor of the jail half the night condemning his lack of money and the cause of it—whatever that might have been. He knew very well that money would have bought his release at once.

For two days succeeding Pasa came at each appointed time and brought him food. He eagerly inquired each time if a letter or package had come for him, and she mournfully shook her head.

On the morning of the third day she brought only a small loaf of bread. There were dark circles under her eyes. She seemed as calm as ever.

"By jingo," said Dicky, who seemed to speak in English or Spanish as the whim seized him, "this is dry provender, muchachita. Is this the best you can dig up for a fellow?"

Pasa looked at him as a mother looks at a beloved but capricious babe.

"Think better of it," she said, in a low voice; "since for the next meal there will be nothing. The last centavo is spent." She pressed closer against the grating.

"Sell the goods in the shop—take anything for them."

"Have I not tried? Did I not offer them for one-tenth their cost? Not even one peso would any one give. There is not one real in this town to assist Dickee Malonee."

Dick clenched his teeth grimly. "That's the comandante," he growled. "He's responsible for that sentiment. Wait, oh, wait till the cards are all out."

Pasa lowered her voice to almost a whisper. "And, listen, heart of my heart," she said, "I have endeavored to be brave, but I cannot live without thee. Three days now"——

Dicky caught a faint gleam of steel from the folds of her mantilla. For once she looked in his face and saw it without a smile, stern, menacing and purposeful. Then he suddenly raised his hand and his smile came back like a gleam of sunshine. The hoarse signal of an incoming steamer's siren sounded in the harbor. Dicky called to the sentry who was pacing before the door: "What steamer comes?"

"The Catarina."

"Of the Vesuvius line?"

"Go you, picarilla," said Dicky, joyously to Pasa, "to the American consul. Tell him I wish to speak with him. See that he comes at once. And you, let me see a different look in those eyes, for I promise your head shall rest upon this arm tonight."

It was an hour before the consul came. He was a spectacled young man, a greedy botanist who was utilizing his office to study the tropic flora. He held a green umbrella under his arm, and mopped his forehead impatiently.

"Now see here, Maloney," he began, captiously, "you fellows seem to think you can cut up any kind of row, and expect me to pull you out of it. I'm neither the War Department nor a gold mine. This country has its laws, you know, and there's one against pounding the senses out of the regular army. You Irish are forever getting into trouble. I don't see what I can do. Anything like tobacco, now, to make you comfortable—or newspapers——"

"Son of Eli," interrupted Dicky, gravely, "you haven't changed an iota. That is almost a duplicate of the speech you made when old Keon's donkeys and geese got into the chapel loft, and the culprits wanted to hide in your room."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the consul, hurriedly adjusting his spectacles. "Are you a Yale man, too? Were you in that crowd? I don't seem to remember any one with red—any one named Maloney. Such a lot of college men seem to have misused their advantages. One of the best mathematicians of the class of '91 is selling lottery tickets in Belize. A Cornell man dropped off here last month. He was second steward on a guano boat. I'll write to the department if you like, Maloney. Or, if there's any tobacco, or newspa——"

"There's nothing," interrupted Dicky, shortly, "but this. You go tell the captain of the Catarina that Dicky Maloney wants to see him as soon as he can conveniently come. Tell him where I am. Hurry. That's all."

The consul, glad to be let off so easily, hurried away. The captain of the Catarina, a stout man, Sicilian born, soon appeared, shoving, with little ceremony, through the guards to the jail door. The Vesuvius Fruit Company had a habit of doing things that way in Puerto Rey.

"I am exceeding sorry—exceeding sorry," said the captain, "to see this occur. I place myself at your service, Mr. Maloney. Whatever you need shall be furnished. Whatever you say shall be done."

Dicky looked at him unsmilingly. His red hair could not detract from his attitude of severe dignity as he stood, tall and calm, with his now grim mouth forming a horizontal line.

"Captain De Lucco, I believe I still have funds in the hands of your company—ample and personal funds. I ordered a remittance last week. The money has not arrived. You know what is needed in this game. Money and money and more money. Why has it not been sent?"

"By the Cristobal," replied De Lucco, gesticulating, "it was dispatched. Where is the Cristobal? Off Cape Antonio I spoke her with a broken shaft. A tramp coaster was towing her back to New Orleans. I brought money ashore, thinking your need for it might not withstand delay. In this envelope is $1,000. There is more if you need it, Mr. Maloney."

"For the present it will suffice," said Dicky, softening as he crinkled the envelope and looked down at the half-inch thickness of smooth, dingy bills.

"The long green!" he said, gently, with a new reverence in his gaze. "Is there anything it will not buy, captain?"

"I had three friends," replied De Lucco, who was a bit of a philosopher, "who had money. One of them speculated in stocks and made ten millions; another is in heaven, and the third married a poor girl whom he loved."

"The answer, then," said Dicky, "is held by the Almighty, Wall Street, and Cupid. So, the question remains."

"This," queried the captain, including Dicky's surroundings in a significant gesture of his hand; "is it—it is not—it is not connected with the business of your little shop? There is no failure in your plans?"

"No, no," said Dicky. "This is merely the result of a little private affair of mine, a digression from the regular line of business. They say for a complete life a man must know poverty, love, and war. But they don't go well together, capitan mio. No; there is no failure in my business. The little shop is doing very well."

When the captain had departed Dicky called the sergeant of the jail squad and asked:

"Am I preso by the military or by the civil authority?"

"Surely there is no martial law in effect now, senor."

"Bueno. Now go or send to the alcaide, the Juez de la Paz and the Jefe de los Policios. Tell them I am prepared at once to satisfy the demands of justice." A folded bill of the "long green" slid into the sergeant's hand.

Then Dickey's smile came back again, for he knew that the hours of his captivity were numbered, and he hummed, in time with the sentry's tread:

"They're hanging men and women now
For lacking of the green."

So, that night Dicky sat by the window of the room over his shop and hit little saint sat close by, working at something silken and dainty. Dicky was thoughtful and grave. His red hair was in an unusual state of disorder. Pasa's fingers often ached to smooth and arrange it, but Dicky would never allow it. He was poring, tonight over a great litter of maps and books and papers on his table until that perpendicular line came between his brows that always distressed Pasa. Presently she went and brought his hat, inquiringly.

"It is sad for you here," she exclaimed. "Go out and drink vino blanco. Come back when you get that smile you used to wear. That is what I wish to see."

Dicky laughed and threw down his papers. "The vino blanco stage is past. It has served its turn. Perhaps, after all, there was less entered my mouth and more my ears than people thought. But, there will be no more maps or frowns tonight. I promise you that. Come."

They sat upon a reed silleta at the window and watched the quivering gleams from the lights of the Catarina reflected in the harbor.

Presently Pasa rippled out one of her infrequent chirrups of audible laughter.

"I was thinking," she began, anticipating Dick's question, "of the foolish things girls have in their minds. Because I went to school in the States I used to have ambitions. Nothing less than to be the President's wife would satisfy me. And, look thou, red picaroon, to what obscure fate hast thou stolen me!"

"Don't give up hope," said Dicky, smiling. "There was a dictator of Chili named O'Higgins. Why not a President Maloney of this country? Say the word, and I'll make the race. We'll capture the Irish vote, easy running, by a head."

"No, no, no, no, cabeza colorada!" cooed Pasa, pointing the allusion with the tip of her finger against Dicky's brilliant locks, "I am content"—she laid her head against his arm—"here."

II.

THE VESUVIUS PLAYS.

The banana republic of Costaragua has, practically, two capitals. The one officially recognized is San Mateo, seventy miles in the interior. But, during the hot season, from May to October, the entire administration removes to Puerto Rey, where the sea breeze renders the pursuit of business and pleasure possible. Custom had so established this annual hegira of the executive that a commodious government building had been erected on the beach at Puerto Rey for the use of the president and his official family during their sojourn. Thus Puerto Rey claimed, with reason, equal honor with San Mateo as capital of the republic.

It is during this season that Puerto Rey may actually be said to live. The pleasure-loving people make it one long holiday of amusement and rejoicing. Fiestas, balles, games, sea bathing, processions, and small theaters contribute to their enjoyment.

The famous Swiss band of forty pieces plays in the little Plaza Nacional every night, while the fourteen carriages in Puerto Rey circle in funeral but complacent procession. Los Indios, looking like prehistoric stone idols, come down from the mountains to peddle their handiwork in the streets. The people throng the sidewalks, a chattering, careless, happy stream of buoyant humanity. Preposterous children, with the shortest of ballet skirts, gilt wings and grimy, bare legs, howl underfoot among the effervescent crowds. Epecially is the arrival of the presidential party, on the 15th day of May, attended with pomp, show and public demonstrations of enthusiasm and delight.

But now, this year, though the middle of May was almost come, the heart of the people was not stirred to the customary joyous preparation. Throughout the entire republic there seemed to be a spirit of silent discontent. The administration of President Zarilla had made him far from a popular idol. Fresh taxes, fresh import duties, and, more than all, his tolerance of the outrageous oppression of the citizens by the military had renderhim the most obnoxious President since the despised Alforan. The majority of his own cabinet were out of sympathy with him. The army, which he courted by giving it license to tyrannize, had been his main, and, thus far, adequate bulwark.

But the most impolitic of the administration's moves had been when it antagonized the Vesuvius Fruit Company of New Orleans, an organization plying twelve steamships, and with a cash capital something larger than Costaragua's surplus and debt combined.

Naturally, an established concern like the Vesuvius would become irritated at having a small, retail republic with no rating at all attempt to squeeze it. So, when the government proxies applied for subsidy they encountered a polite refusal. The president retaliated by clapping an export duty of one real per bunch on bananas—a thing unprecedented in fruit growing countries. But the Vesuvius Company had built costly iron piers and wharves at three points along the Costaraguan coast. The company's agents had erected fine homes in the towns where they had headquarters, and the company had invested large sums in banana plantations and timber lands of the republic. It would cost an immense sum if it should be compelled to move out. The selling of bananas from Vera Cruz to Trinidad was three reals per bunch. This duty of one real would have fallen as a loss upon the growers, but the Vesuvius seemed to prefer Costaraguan fruit, and they continued to buy it, paying four reals without a murmur.

This apparent victory deceived his excellency, and he hungered for its fruits. An emissary requested an interview with a representative of the company. The Vesuvius sent Mr. Franzoni, a little, stout, cheerful man, always whistling Verdi. Senor Ortiz, secretary to the minister of finance, attempted the sandbagging in behalf of Costaragua.

Senor Ortiz opened negotiations by the announcement that the government contemplated the building of a railroad to skirt the alluvial coast lands. After touching upon the benefits such an improvement would confer upon the interests of the Vesuvius, he reached the definite suggestion that a contribution to the road's expense of 100,000 pesos would not be more than an equivalent to benefits received.

Mr. Franzoni denied any benefits from the contemplation of a road. He was authorized, however, to offer a contribution of 500 to the contemplators.

Did Senor Ortiz understand Mr. Franzoni to mean five hundred thousand?

By no means. Five hundred pesos. And in silver; not gold.

"Your offer insults my government," said Senor Ortiz, rising indignantly.

"Then," cried Mr. Franzoni, in a warning voice, "we will change it!"

The offer was never changed. Mr. Franzoni must have meant something else.

So, when the fifteenth day of May arrived the signs were that the presidential advent would not be celebrated by unlimited rejoicing.

Although the rainy season was long over, the day seemed to hark back to reeking February. A fine drizzle of rain fell during the forenoon. A narrow gauge railroad runs from Puerto Rey to within ten miles of San Mateo. The train conveying the executive party rolled into the summer capital at a speed of fifteen miles an hour at four in the afternoon. Colonel Rocas, with a regiment of the regular army, and Captain Cruz, with his famous troop of one hundred light horse "El Ciento Huilando," the President's personal escort, had marched down by easy stages from San Mateo, arriving the previous afternoon.

President Zarilla was a little, elderly man, grizzly bearded, with a considerable ratio of Indian blood revealed in his cinnamon complexion. As he was assisted into his carriage, his sharp, beady eyes glanced around for the expected demonstration of welcome, but he faced a stolid, unenthused array of curious citizens. Sightseers the Costaraguans are by birth and habit, and they turned out to the last able-bodied unit to witness the scene, but they maintained an accusive silence. They crowded the streets to the very wheel ruts, they covered the red tile roofs to the eaves, but there was never a "Viva!" among them. No wreaths of palm and lemon branches or gorgeous strings of paper roses hung from the windows and balconies as was the custom. There was an apathy, a dull, dissenting, disapprobation that was the more omiffous because it puzzled. No one feared an outburst, a revolt of the discontents, for they had no leader. The president and those loyal to him had never even heard whispered a name among them capable of crystalizing the dissatisfaction into opposition. No, there could be no danger. The people always procured a new idol before they destroyed an old one.

At length, after a prodigious galloping and curvetting of red-sashed majors, gold-laced colonels, and epauletted generals, the procession formed for its annual formal progress down the principal street—the Camino Real—to the government building at its end.

The Swiss band led the line of march. After it pranced the local comandante, mounted, and a detachment of his troops. Next came a carriage with four members of the cabinet, conspicuous among them the minister of war, old General Pilar, with his white mustache and his soldierly bearing. Then the president's vehicle, containing also the alcalde and the ministers of finance and state; and surrounded by Captain Cruz's light horse formed in a close double file of fours. Following them the rest of the officials of state, the judges and distinguished military and social ornaments of public and private life.

As the band struck up, and the movement began, like a bird of ill omen the S. J. Pizzoni, jr., the swiftest steamship of the Vesuvius line, glided into the harbor in plain view of the president and his train. Of course, there was nothing menacing about its arrival—a business firm does not go to war with a nation—but it reminded Senor Ortiz and others in those carriages that the Vesuvius Fruit Company was undoubtedly carrying something up its sleeve for them.

By the time the van of the procession had reached the government building, Captain Cronin, of the S. J. Pizzoni, jr., and Mr. Vincenti, member of the Vesuvius Company, had landed and were pushing their way, bluff, hearty and nonchalant, through the crowd on the narrow sidewalk. Clad in white linen, big, debonair, with an air of good-humored authority, they made conspicuous figures among the dark mass of unimposing Costaraguans. They penetrated to within a few yards of the steps of the brown stone building Casa Moreno, the brown white house of Costaragua. Looking easily above the heads of the crowd, they perceived another that towered above the undersized natives. It was the fiery poll of Dicky Maloney against the wall close by the lower step, and his broad, seductive grin showed that he recognized their presence.

Dicky had attired himself becomingly for the festive ocacsion in a well-fitting black suit. Pasa was close by his side, her head covered with the ubiquitous black mantilla.

Mr. Vincenti looked at her attentively.

"Botticelli's Madonna," he remarked, gravely. "I wonder when she got into the game. I don't like his getting tangled with the woman. I hoped he would keep away from them."

Captain Cronin's laugh almost drew attention from the parade.

"With that head of hair! Keep away from the women! And a Maloney! Hasn't he got a license? But, nonsense aside, what do you think of the prospects? It's a species of filibustering out of my line."

Vincenti glanced again at Dicky's head and smiled.

"Rouge et noir," he said. "There you have it. Make your play, gentlemen. Our money is on the red."

"The lad's game," said Cronin, with a commending look at the tall, easy figure by the steps. "But 'tis all like fly-by-night theatricals to me. The talk's bigger than the stage; there's a smell of gasolene in the air, and they're their own audience and scene-shifters."

They ceased talking, for General Pilar had descended from the first carriage and had taken his stand upon the top step of Casa Morena. As the oldest member of the cabinet, custom had decreed that he should make the address of welcome, presenting the keys of the official residence to the President at its close.

General Pilar was the most distin-

(Continued on Page 11, this Section.)